The University of Alberta Department of Music presents:

Music at Convocation Hall

Brettl-Lieder / Pierrot Lunaire
Arnold Schoenberg

Saturday, January 9, 2010 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Program

Opening remarks by musicologist Alex Carpenter

Brettl-Lieder (1901) — Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Galathea
Gigerlette
Der genügsame Liebhaber
Einfältiges Lied
Mahnung
Jedem das Seine
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Kathleen Corcoran, soprano
Roger Admiral, piano

Intermission

Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912) — Arnold Schoenberg

Part I

1. Mondestrunken
2. Colombine
3. Der Dandy
4. Eine blasse Wäscherin
5. Valse de Chopin
6. Madonna
7. Der kranke Mond

Part II

8. Nacht
9. Gebet an Pierrot
10. Raub
11. Rote Messe
12. Galgenlied
13. Enthauptung
14. Die Kreuze

Part III

15. Heimweh
16. Gemeinheit
17. Parodie
18. Der Mondfleck
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt
21. O alter Duft

Ardelle Ries, Sprechstimme
Paul Johnson, performer
Bill Damur, flute and piccolo
Allison Storochuk, clarinet and bass clarinet
Guillaume Tardif, violin and viola
Julie Amundsen, cello
Roger Admiral, piano

Thank you to Russell Ault for lighting design and operation.

Program Notes

In 1900 Schoenberg worked in Berlin as music director of Überbrettl, the first cabaret in that city. In 1901 he composed *Brettl-Lieder* using texts from *Deutsche Chansons*, a poetry book in the cabaret style, published in 1900 by Otto Julius Bierbaum. Cabaret of this period provided a mixture of popular style and sophisticated elitism.

Schoenberg composed *Pierrot Lunaire* in 1912 on a commission from Albertine Zehme. Zehme had already been performing musical recitations of the Pierrot poems and wanted music to accompany her unique style of vocal declamation. The "*speech melody*" of Schoenberg's composition is meant to be something between speaking and singing. As indicated in the score's preface, the performer projects mood and character through the sound of the music, rather than the meaning of the words. In the printed program to the premiere performance Schoenberg included the following quote from 18th century poet Novalis:

> *Narratives can be conceived with associations but without coherence, like dreams – poems, which are merely euphonious, filled with beautiful words, but also without sense and cohesion, at most only a few intelligible lines, like fragments from the most disparate things. This true poetry can have at most only an allegorical sense in general and an indirect result like music.*
>
> -from *Fragments*, (1798) by Novalis (1772-1801)

Brettl-Lieder (Cabaret Songs)

Galathea
Frank Wedekind

How I burn with longing,
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your cheeks,
because they are so enchanting.

Joy will befall me,
Galathea, lovely child,
in kissing your hair,
because it is so alluring.
Never stop me, till death,
Galathea, lovely child,
from kissing your hands,
because they entice me so.

You don't know how I burn,
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your knees,
because they are so tempting.

And what would I not do, sweet
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your feet,
because they are so seductive.

But never expose your lips
to my kisses,
for the fullness of their charm
is kissed only in mind.

Gigerlette
Otto Julius Bierbaum

Madamoiselle Gigerlette
invited me to tea.
Her clothes
were as white as snow.

She was dressed
just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
would have looked
with pleasure on Gigerlette.

The room was red
in which she received me.
The glow of yellow candles
hung in the air.

And she was, as always,
lively and witty.
I'll never forget it;
the room was wine-red, blossom-white was she.

And in a coach
we two took a ride
together to the land
that is called delight.

So that we couldn't lose
reins, goal and course,
Cupid was sitting
behind, driving
the fiery four.

The Easily Satisfied Lover
Hugo Salus

My lady has a black cat
with a softly rustling velvet coat,
and I, I have a shiny bald head,
shiny and smooth and silver-bright.

My lady is one of those sensual women;
she lies on her divan all year long,
doing nothing but stroke the cat's fur:
my God, how she loves that soft coat!

And when of an evening I come to visit my friend,
Pussy lies there on her lap
and nibbles at the sweet cakes with her
and shivers when I lightly touch its hair.

And when I want to be amorous with my sweetheart
so that she can be nice to me for once,
then I put the cat on my bald head,
and friend fondles the cat and laughs.

Simple Song
Hugo Salus

The king went out for a walk,
just like any man going walking,
without his scepter or his crown,
like an ordinary person.

There came a strong wind,
an ordinary wind,
and with no idea who it was,
attacked the king.

It tore the hat from his head
and flung it over the rooftop,
never to be seen again.

You see! That's it,
I told you so!
To play such a joke!

No king can go without his crown
among the stupid people
like an ordinary person!

Warning
Gustav Hochstetter

Don't put on airs, girl,
don't chase butterflies;
look for a real man
who can give you a good kiss
and build you a snug little home
with the strength of his own hands.

Girl, don't be foolish,
don't walk around in a dream:
open your eyes and see if anyone comes
who would make you a good husband.
When he comes, don't delay!
Snap the trap closed!

Girl, use your brains,
make use of your youthful beauty!
take care, and reflect that
if you drift through life
aimlessly, without a plan,
you'll end up an old maid.

To Each His Own
Colly

On the parade grounds
Kaspar sits in the centre,
high on his horse.
King and duke around him,
the public facing him,
military boom boom boom;
it's not going badly.

The air swallows the sunlight,
helmets and bayonets flash,
sparkle and gleam and glisten.
From the grandstand seats in the shade
Bravo! Hurrah! jokes and quips,
opera-glasses, flashing eyes,
all in admiration.

Who can it be next to me,
attractive, not so formidably refined,
but enchanting and elegant?
Although observed critically,
there is a secret excitement,
and hips move intimately
along with the music.

Kaspar, take your troops,
protect us all.
But now, dearest treasure,
let's quickly away from the parade grounds.
Behind the wall there's a little place
well away from all things.

And there we lie down,
I and my neighbour,
with the cheering sounds far away.
How splendid to be a soldier,
how splendid not to be one
when the two of us are all alone,
et cetera.

Aria from "The Mirror of Arcadia"
Emanuel Schikaneder

Since I've seen so many women
my heart beats so warmly within me,
it buzzes and hums
like a swarm of bees.
And if their fire matches mine,
their eyes lovely and clear,
then my little heart keeps beating
like a hammer,
boom, boom, boom . . .

I wish I had a thousand women,
if the gods would allow it:
then I'd dance all around
like a marmot. That would be a life worth
living in this world:
I'd be so merry,
I'd hop like a hare through the field
and my heart would keep beating,
boom, boom, boom . . .

He who doesn't appreciate women
is neither cold nor warm,
and lies like a block of ice
in a girl's arms. But I'm
quite another kind of man,
I jump around them,
my heart knocks happily
and goes boom boom.
Boom, boom, boom . . .

Pierrot Lunaire
Three Times Seven Poems by Albert Giraud (1860-1929)
German translation from the French by
Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

1. Moondrunk
The wine which through the eyes we drink
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents,
And as a spring-tide overflows
The far and distant land.
Desires terrible and sweet
Unnumbered drift in floods abounding.
The wine which through the eyes we drink
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents.

The poet, in an ecstasy,
Drinks deeply from the holy chalice,
To heaven lifts up his entranced
Head, and reeling quaffs and drains down
The wine which through the eyes we drink.

2. Colombine
The pallid buds of moonlight
Those pale and wondrous roses
Bloom in the nights of summer—
O could I pluck but one!
My heavy heart to lighten,
I search in darkling river
The pallid buds of moonlight,
Those pale white wondrous roses.
Fulfilled would be my longing
If I could softly gather,
With gentle care besprinkle
Upon your dark brown tresses
The moonlight's pallid blossoms.

3. The Dandy
A phantasmagorial light ray
Illumines tonight all the crystalline flasks
On the holy, sacred, ebony wash-stand
Of the taciturn dandy of Bergamo.
In sonorous bronze-enwrought chalice
Laughs brightly the fountain's metallic
sound,
A phantasmagorial light ray
Illumines tonight all the crystalline flasks.
Pierrot with countenance waxen
Stands musing and thinks
How he tonight will paint.
Rejecting the red and the green of the east
He bedaubs all his face in the latest of styles
With a phantasmagorial moonbeam.

4. A Pale Laundry Maid
A pale laundry maid
Washes nightly white silk garments;
Naked, snow-white silvery foreams
Stretching downward to the flood.
Through the glade steal gentle brezes.
Softly playing o'er the stream.
A pale laundry maid
Washes nightly white silk garments.

And the gentle maid of heaven.
By the branches softly fondled.
Spreads on the dusky meadows
All her moonlight-bewoven linen
A pale laundry maid.

5. *Valse de Chopin*
As a lingering drop of blood
Stains the lip of a consumptive,
So this music is pervaded
By a morbid deathly charm.
Wild ecstatic harmonies
Disguise the icy touch of doom,
As a lingering drop of blood
Stains the lip of a consumptive.
Ardent, joyful, sweet and yearning,
Melancholic sombre waltzes,
Coursing ever through my senses
Like a lingering drop of blood!

6. Madonna
Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
From the alter of my verses!
Blood pours forth from thy lean bosom
Where the sword of frenzy pierced it.
Thy forever gaping gashes
Are like eyelids, red and open.
Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
From the alter of my verses.
In the lacerated arms
Holdst thou thy Son's holy body,
Manifesting Him to mankind—
Yet the eyes of men avert themselves,
O mother of all sorrows!

7. The Ailing Moon
You ailing, death-awaiting moon,
High upon heaven's dusty couch,
Your glance, so feverish overlarge,
Lures me, like strange enchanting song.
With unrequited pain of love
You die, your longing deep concealed,
You ailing, death-awaiting moon,
High upon heaven's dusty couch.
The lover, stirred by sharp desire
Who reckless seeks for love's embrace
Exults in your bright play of light
Your pale and pain-begotten flood,
You ailing, death-awaiting moon.

8. Night
Heavy, gloomy giant black moths
Massacred the sun's bright rays;
Like a close-shut magic book
Broods the distant sky in silence.
From the mists in deep recesses
Rise up scents, destroying memory.
Heavy, gloomy giant black moths
Massacred the sun's bright rays;
And from heaven earthward bound
Downward sink with sombre pinions
Unperceived, great hords of monsters
On the hearts and souls of mankind. . .
Heavy, gloomy giant black moths.

9. Prayer to Pierrot
Pierrot! my laughter have I unlearnt!
The picture's brightness dissolves.
Black flies the standard now from my mast,
Pierrot, my laughter have I unlearnt
O once more give me, healer of spirits,
Snowman of lyrics, monarch of moonshine,
Pierrot, my laughter!

10. Loot
Ancient royalty's red rubies,
Bloody drops of antique glory,
Slumber in the hollow coffins
Buried in the vaulted caverns,
Late at night with boon companions
Pierrot descends to ravish
Ancient royalty's red rubies.
Bloody drops of antique glory.
But there every hair a-bristle,
Livid fear turns them to statues;
Through the murky gloom, like eyes—
Glaring from the hollow coffins
Ancient royalty's red rubies.

11. Red Mass
To fearsome grim communion
Where dazzling rays of gold gleam,
And fickering light of candles,
Comes to the alter Pierrot.
His hand, with grace invested,
Rends through the priestly garments,
For fearsome grim communion
Where dazzling rays of gold gleam.

With signs of benediction
He shows to frightened people
The dripping crimson wafer:
His heart—with bloody fingers
In fearsome grim communion.

12. Song of the Gallows
The haggard harlot8 with scraggy gizzard
Will be his ultimate paramour.
Through all his thoughts there sticks like a gimlet
The haggard harlot with scraggy gizzard.
Thin as a rake, round her neck a pigtail,
Joyfully will she embrace the rascal,
The haggard harlot!

13. Decapitation
The moon, a polished scimitar
Upon a black and silken cushion,
So strangely large hangs menacing
Through sorrow's gloomy night.
Pierrot wandering restlessly
Stares upon high in anguished fear
Of the moon, the polished scimitar
Upon a black and silken cushion,
Like leaves of aspen are his knees,
Swooning he falters, then collapses.
He thinks: the hissing vengeful steel
Upon his neck will fall in judgement,
The moon, a polished scimitar.

14. The Crosses
Holy crosses are the verses
Where the poets bleed in silence,
Blinded by the peck of vultures
Flying round in ghostly rabble.
On their bodies swords have feasted,
Bathing in the scarlet bloodstream.
Holy crosses are the verses
Where the poets bleed in silence.
Death then comes; dispersed the ashes—
Far away the rabble's clamour,
Slowly sinks the sun's red splendour,
Like a royal crown of glory.
Holy crosses are the verses.

15. Nostalgia
Sweetly plaintive is the sigh of crystal
That ascends from Italy's old players,
Sadly mourning that Pierrot so modern
And so sickly sentimental is now.
And it echoes from his heart's waste desert,
Muted tones which wind through all his senses,
Sweetly plaintive, like a sigh of crystal
That ascends from Italy's old players.
Now abjures Pierrot the tragic manner,
Through the pallid fires of lunar landscape
Through the foaming light-flood mounts the longing,
Surging high towards his native heaven.
Sweetly plaintive, like a sigh of crystal.

16. Atrocity

Through the bald pate of Cassander,
As he rends the air with screeches
Bores Pierrot in feigning tender
Fashion with a cranium driller.
He then presses with his finger
Rare tobacco grown in Turkey
In the bald pate of Cassander,
As he rends the air with screeches.
Then screwing a cherry pipe stem
Right in through the polished surface,
Sits at ease and smokes and puffs the
Rare tobacco grown in Turkey
From the bald pate of Cassander.

17. Parody

Knitting needles, bright and polished,
Set in her greying hair,
Sits the Duenna, mumbling,
In crimson costume clad.
She lingers in the arbour,
She loves Pierrot with passion,
Knitting needles, bright and polished,
Set in her greying hair,
But, listen, what a whisper,
A zephyr titters softly;
The moon, the wicked mocker,
Now mimics with light rays
Bright needles, spick and span.

18. The Moonfleck

With a snowy fleck of shining moonlight
On the shoulder of his black silk frock-coat
So walks out Pierrot this languid evening.
Seeking everywhere for love's adventure.
But what! something wrong with his
appearance?
He looks round and round and then he
finds it—
Just a snowy fleck of shining moonlight
On the shoulder of his black silk frock-coat.
Wait now (thinks he) 'tis a piece of plaster,
Wipes and wipes, yet cannot make it
vanish.
So he goes on poisoned with his fancy,
Rubs and rubs until the early morning
Just a snowy fleck of shining moonlight.

19. Serenade

With a giant bow grotesquely
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola;
Like a stork on one leg standing
Sadly plucks a pizzicato.
Now here comes Cassander fuming
At this night-time virtuoso.
With a giant bow grotesquely
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola;
Casting then aside the viola,
With his delicate left hand he
Grips the bald pate by the collar—
Dreamily he plays upon him
With a giant bow grotesquely.

20. Journey Home

The moonbeam is the rudder,
Nenuphar serves as boat
On which Pierrot goes southward,
The wind behind his sails,
In deep tones hums the river
And rocks the light canoe,
The moonbeam is the rudder,
Nenuphar serves as boat.
To Bergamo, his homeland,
Pierrot returns once more.
Soft gleams on the horizon
The orient green of dawn.
The moonbeam is the rudder.

21. O Ancient Scent

O ancient scent from far-off days,
Intoxicate once more my senses!
A merry swarm of idle thoughts
Pervades the gentle air.
A happy whim makes me aspire
To joys which I too long neglected.
O ancient scent from far-off days
Intoxicate me again.
Now all my sorrow is dispelled,
And from my sun-encircled casement
I view again the lovely world
And dream beyond the fair horizon.
O ancient scent from far-off days!

English Translations by Cecil Gray

Roger Admiral coaches contemporary chamber music at the University of Alberta. Recent performances include a recital with baritone Nathan Berg as part of the Great Performers series at Lincoln Center (New York City), solo recitals as part of the Wroclaw Festival of Polish Contemporary Music and as a soloist with New Music Concerts Ensemble (Toronto) conducted by Robert Aitken. Roger is also part of Duo Kovalis with Montreal percussionist Philip Hornsey.

Julie Amundsen was born in Edmonton and received her early cello instruction at the University of Lethbridge and Medicine Hat Conservatories. In 1998, she received her Diploma for Kunsterlische Ausbildung from the Hochschule fur Musik und Theater, Hannover where she studied with Frederick Jurgen Sellhelm and Klaus Heitz. During her studies there she was awarded the 19th century Lorenzo Ventapane cello for excellence in performance. She appeared regularly as a substitute in the cello section of the North German Radio Philharmonie Hannover. Julie has played with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra as well as being a guest player with a number of other orchestras and chamber music groups. In 2003, Julie completed graduate studies with Tanya Prochazka at the University of Alberta, receiving her Masters of Music. She is currently an instructor for cello at U of A.

Musicologist **Alexander Carpenter** teaches in the Fine Arts department at the Augustana campus of the University of Alberta. He holds a PhD in historical musicology from the University of Toronto and an MA in music criticism from McMaster University. Dr. Carpenter's research focuses largely on the music of Arnold Schoenberg and the musical culture of fin-de-siecle Vienna. He has recently contributed chapters to two books, Schoenberg's Chamber Music, Schoenberg's World, and De-Canonizing Music History. He also has a number of articles and reviews in press, which will appear in the Musical Quarterly, Notes, and Magyar Zene (in Hungarian). Dr. Carpenter has been interviewed several times on CBC radio, most recently on the program Saturday Afternoon at the Opera. In February of 2010, he will speak as an invited guest at the Freud Museum in London, on the subject of music and psychoanalysis.

Kathleen Corcoran has performed as a soloist with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, the Red Deer Symphony Orchestra, Pro Coro Canada and Alberta Baroque Ensemble. Recent performances in the United Kingdom include guest appearances in Brighton and at the Arundel Festival. She studied with Harold Wiens at the University of Alberta and has participated in masterclasses with Richard Miller, Elly Ameling, John Wustman, Vera Rosza, Edith Wiens and Gerald Moore. Kathleen is Professor of Voice at University of Alberta, Augustana.

Bill Damur received his Masters and Bachelor of Music as well as his Bachelor of Education from the University of Alberta. Mr. Damur has studied with Wilfrid Smith, Christopher Taylor, Alan Clarke, Adrian Brett, and Harlan Green. He has taught at the Alberta College Conservatory since 1983, and performs regularly with several ensembles: Griffin Consort, Virus 23, The Icy-Cool, Chanticleer, The Amati Trio, B.E.A.M.S., and Baroque Restoration Group.

Paul "Sparky" Johnson was a founding member of Edmonton's Catalyst Theatre and was an actor/writer with The Second City Review Theatre. For many years, he had the rare opportunity of studying and working closely with theatre legend, the late Paul Sills – son of Viola Spolin and founder of The Second City. Toward the end of his life, Mr Sills selected Paul take over and carry on his renowned acting workshops in Door County, Wisconsin. Since 2001, Paul has been a guest artist at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts summer program for drama students.

Paul is a member of Actors' Equity (USA), Canadian Actors' Equity, and the Association of Canadian Cinema, Television, and Radio Artists.

For the past twenty-three years, Paul has been a full-time drama professor with the Augustana Faculty of the University of Alberta.

Ardelle Ries is an Assistant Professor of Music at the University of Alberta Augustana Campus. She conducts The Augustana Choir and the Augustana Men's Choir, teaches choral conducting, choral literature and techniques, and aural skills.

She has conducted choirs of all ages and has sung professionally as a chorister and soprano soloist.

Ardelle is in demand as an aural skills specialist, choral clinician, and vocal pedagogue. A passionate advocate for choral music education, Ardelle is the President of the Alberta Choral Federation.

Her doctoral dissertation, The Child Voice: A Social Context, was nominated in 2004 for a University of Alberta Governor General's Award and in 2005 for the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors' Dissertation Award. Current research interests include holistic approaches to choral conducting pedagogy, aural training pedagogy, and the power of the choir to build community.

Ardelle resides in Camrose, Alberta with her husband, Dr Roger Admiral.

After studies at Northwestern University and the University of Alberta, clarinetist **Allison Storochuk** received a Doctor of Musical Arts degree at Arizona State University. Her teachers include Russell Dagon, Dennis Prime, and Robert Spring. As a winner of the 1998 Johann Strauss Scholarship, Dr Storochuk studied at the Mozarteum in Salzburg with Alfred Prinz and Alois Brandhofer. She has performed extensively in Canada, the United States, Japan, England, Australia, Belgium, France, and Austria. She has performed with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and Saint Crispin's Chamber Ensemble, and currently performs with the Eastwest Quartet, Meritage Trio, Schlagnet Duo, the Springfield Symphony Orchestra and the Springfield Symphony Orchestra Woodwind Quintet. Following two years of teaching at the University of Alberta, Dr Storochuk is currently an Assistant Professor of Clarinet at Missouri State University. Allison is an endorser and clinician for the G Leblanc Corporation. She recently recorded Eric Mandat's Concert Music for Clarinets, to be released on the Summit label. She can be heard on the compact discs: BASHAW with Saint Crispin's Chamber Ensemble on the Arktos label, howard bashaw form archimage, and Glossa, and is featured on several CBC National Broadcasts.

In addition to an extensive history of chamber music and recital performances that include CBC broadcasts and collaborations with leading artists such as Malcolm Bilson, George Crumb and Bobby McFerrin, Canadian violinist **Guillaume Tardif** has appeared as guest soloist with orchestras in Canada, United States, Hungary, Brazil and Peru. Among the youngest recipients of the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from the Eastman School of Music where he studied violin with Oleh Krysa, Guillaume Tardif previously obtained a First Prize in Violin with Great Distinction from the Conservatoire de Musique du Québec as a student of Jean Angers, and earned different awards at the Canadian Music Competition.

As soloist and concertmaster, Dr Tardif has performed with many orchestras including the Lima Philharmonic, the Pairiba Symphony (Brazil), the Eastman Virtuosi, the Eastman String Ensemble (which he co-founded), the New Eastman Symphony, the Remenyi Chamber Orchestra (Hungary), the Amadeus Ensemble and the Brandon Chamber Players, in venues such as the Eastman Theatre, Alice Tully Hall, the Glenn Gould Studio, the Grand Theatre de Quebec, and the Hungarian National Academy of Sciences in Budapest.

Dr Tardif is author of many arrangements for solo violin, including Tartini's Il trillo del diavolo, a set of variations entitled La commedia dell'arte, and cadenzas for works by Mozart and Paganini. Recent recordings include Virturoso Encores with pianist Judy Kehler Siebert and From the Library of Joseph Szigeti.

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